

West-Jersey Pioneer.

An Independent Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Arts, Education, Morality, Local and General News, &c.
\$125 IN ADVANCE! BRIDGETON, N. J., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862. VOL. XV No. 767

Business Directory.
B. F. FERGUSON,
ARTIST,
S. W. cor. 5th and Arch Sts., Phila.
(Over Parrish's Drug Store)
Invitations surpassing the finest printing on Ivory executed in the best style, at prices to suit the times.
Photocopies ordered in different styles.

J. C. KIRBY,
Surgeon-Dentist,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the inhabitants of Cumberland County and the public generally.
Office—in the new building.
5 Doors West of E. Davis & Son's, N. J.
Bridgeton, N. J.
Feb. 2, 1861.

CHAS. E. EDWARDS,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
OFFICE—Corner High & Sesqui Sts.,
MILLSVILLE, N. J.
Sept. 14, 1861.

F. A. GIBENACK,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER
No. 26 East Commerce Street,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry neatly repaired.
May 12.

H. LANING,
SURGEON-DENTIST.
H. LANING, having pursued a regular course in the Dental, with the most eminent Dentists in New Jersey and Philadelphia, would offer his professional services to all who may see fit to give him a call. All work warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge.
Office—in the new building opposite the Surgeon's Office, Entrance by the old Depot, and on through the hall adjoining the Jewelry store. mar 22

JACOB TUCK,
UNION CLOTHING STORE,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
The largest stock of Clothing for Men or Boys, always on hand, which is offered at the lowest City cash prices.

J. R. BUNTING,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Furniture Warehouse
221 SOUTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
BELOW DOCK.
JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
May 21, 1859-ly.

SHEPARD & GARRISON,
DEALERS IN
Fancy & Staple Dry Goods,
HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANKERCHIEFS,
and Fancy Dress Trimmings,
Commerce Street, opposite the Clerk's Office,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
March 9, 1861.

Fancy Cake Store.
JUST OPENED NEAR THE BRIDGE,
Opposite Shepherd's Buildings.
Weddings and Parties supplied at short notice—
Fresh Cakes regularly made from Philadelphia. King
Cakes and Confectionaries kept constantly on hand.
Bridgeton, Oct. 23, 1861.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL,
AND
BLACKSMITH COAL,
Bridgeton, N. J.
SPRINGS, AXLES,
ANVILS, VICES,
BELLOWS, &c.
ISAAC PEDRICK, JOHN CHEESMAN

WILLIAM M. WILSON,
(SUCCESSOR TO WILSON & HERRICK.)
IMPORTER & WHOLESALE DRUGGIST
No. 208 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Dealer in Drugs, Dyestuffs, Perfumery, &c.
Wholesale and Retail. Analytical, Photography, &c.
Manufacturer of White Lead, Zinc, Colors, &c.
Agent and Operator in Foreign and Domestic
Patent Medicines.

Bridgeton Marble Works.
Largest Street, near the first Presbyterian Church,
Monuments,
Tombs,
Head-Stones and Posts.
GEO. W. CLAYPOOLE,
Bridgeton, Sept. 7, '61.

"THE UNION,"
ARCH STREET, ABOVE THIRD,
PHILADELPHIA.
Its situation being in the very centre of business,
with Passenger Railroads running past and in close
proximity, it affords the most convenient and
cheap and pleasant route to all places of interest in
or about the City.
The proprietors give assurance that "THE UNION" shall
be kept up with such care as will meet public
approval, and that it will be well patronized.
Terms, \$1.50 per day.

S. E. NIGEAR,
CHEAP FANCY DRY GOODS
AND PRIMITIVES STORE,
CROSS STREETS, BRIDGETON, N. J.

TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER.
I would call the attention of Farmers and others
to my TWO-HORSE LEVER POWER, which has
been thoroughly tested and proven to be a
power that must supersede all other powers of
the old lever. It is very light, draught, and
can be moved from place to place readily, it being
fixed on wheels with tongue, &c. complete, and can
be placed in position for work in less time than any other
kind of power. The exceeding cheapness of the
machines is the greatest recommendation.
I will refer those in want of a good power to the
following persons:
BENJAMIN DEBOIS—Inland's Mill.
DAVID WOOD—Fargus' mill.
HENRY WILSON—Herrick's mill.
LEWIS ROWEN—Hopewell.
NICHOLAS BROWN—Hopewell.
This is the only power I was called upon by Mr. J.
DeBois, as a disappointed person, to look a run of
two dozen of them, which I did in ten minutes time,
and the result was ten bushels of grain. Treasurer
driven by H. Bisbing and L. Bowen.

Farmers and others in want of Power should call
upon the subscriber at the mill Company Foundry,
No. 100 feet of Iron Run for sale cheap or made
to suit a lot of any width.
Oct 25th, 1862. H. BISBING.

FALL AND WINTER
MILLINERY.
Mrs. A. Lake,
No. 28 Commerce St.,
Bridgeton.
Has lately opened a splendid assortment of
Fall and Winter Millinery Goods.
Of the most improved styles—Velvets, Silks, Ribbons,
Bonnets, Dress Caps, Hoods, Ladies' Bonnets,
Dresses, Trimmings, and all the latest novelties of
the season. All goods selected with care, and at
the lowest prices. A good fitting of hats made,
at which she offers to call on all who are in the
want of her services. Oct 1st, 1862.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
HARVEST.
BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.

How fair, o'er all the teeming land,
The golden harvest lies!
How bright, above the peaceful scene,
Dend the pure summer skies!
Dend the pure summer skies!

How soft and sweet the airs that blow
Thro' these long sultry days;
How cheerfully the insect throng
Awake their harvest lays!

Fair morning wakes us with a kiss,
Bidding us rise and gaze
Upon the glories she prepares
For the bright summer days.

When sunset turns along the West,
How sweetly evening falls!
With what a pleasant still, small voice,
She to the labourer calls!

And the calm, solemn summers night—
How grandly doth it march,
In its imperial majesty,
Adown the stary arch!

God of the Harvest! Thee we bless
For all these lovely things;
To Thee, a psalm of thankfulness,
The whole bright earth now sings.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
THE FATED "INSTITUTION."

There's "trouble in the camp"—Old Abe has sent it
extra unarm'd!

That starchy shall suffer for striving with the North.
The patted institution—the Southern's all in all,
Shall pay a lasting penalty for seeking Union's fall.

Yes, trouble in the camp—the South's istic at heart,
Lest she with human bondage shall be compelled to part.

Leaves on, in one single form, be cast out, "root and
branch."
And to their dearest idol cast a last and lingering glance.

The trouble ends not there—the vilest have their
friends,
Whose sympathetic natures with kindred spirits
blend.

And tender hearts in Northern homes, 'neath free-
dom's flag secure,
Are praying for destruction to seize her folds so pure.

Be those who say 'twere too severe; What to mild with
rebellion, shed our blood, and leave the
extra unarm'd!

For the West Jersey Pioneer.
WILKES-BARRE, OCT. 20th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—The Wyoming Valley being, as I have before reported, a fair expanse of good farming land, underlaid with beds of the best anthracite coal, cropping out in the dismal line of its sullen boundary; the surface and the inner strata of the same acre furnishing employ and wealth for both the agriculturist and the miner; and being the smiling site of constellated towns and villages, as of a dense overspreading population, all inclosed by the green slopes of the mountains, and singly situated in the midst of a region where huge hills, and gulfs, and barren grounds, fill the illimitable circuit beyond it, makes the Wyoming Valley a long, propitious place such as no where else can be found, and no less noted now than it has been in story and in song.

Though Wilkes Barre, the chief town in the valley, occupies, it is said, one of the most splendid sites in the State although its streets are strait, level, and some of them as nicely shaded as can be, yet the general appearance of the town from far or near view, does not seem to be very admirable; for it has but low, irregular, isolated buildings, and but meager specimens of any regular Blocks. The Court House standing in the centre of the public square, or diamond, has quite an antique appearance. The Churches, numbering no more than one to each several denomination in the town, exhibit rather dull appearance external, neither do the people of the town make much display of taste, gaiety, or opulence. This town has no other periodicals for all the teeming population of this region than just two weekly newspapers.

In Kingston village, about one mile from Wilkes Barre, is the seat of "Wyoming Seminary." Its three large, separate edifices, standing in range, are more elegant and magnificent than any other structures in the Valley. At Troy village is the "Wyoming Normal Institute" in a most beautiful situation. Several elegant churches stand by the main way along the valley with the many very elegant country residences.

Two miles from Wilkes Barre is the encampment of the Luzen volunteers, a Regiment formed since last August from the several towns of the county. These youthful soldiers seem to be a jovial, awkward set of men while encamping so near their social homes pampered by their friends—and while, as yet, without their uniforms and military equipments, display very little of that precise, trim, orderly, sober, submissive demeanor becoming in grenadiers ordained to be the ministers of God to execute vengeance on our adversaries, and on the enemies of our country and government.

A few weeks ago, while the foe threatened to invade the State, companies of an other sort of men were soon raised in Wilkes Barre. With but one day's preparation all things were in order. The Court House bell was rung on Saturday afternoon, and in a hour a company of able-bodied men were formed, equipped and marched away—the bell was rung again, and another such company was also furnished, so that in the evening several hundred patriotic men, feeling a profound sense of their responsibility that their country has rights above all rights of business and family ties,—take to the seat of war with firm resolve and determined purpose, to fill an honorable duty, to arm, to strike, to suffer, and to offer their bodies a sacrifice in defense of their country in its peril.

Truly Yours,
REPORTER.

A BRAVE BOY.—Near Lake Shetek, sixty miles southwest of New Ulm, a family was surprised by Indians, the father killed, and the mother seized as a prisoner, but two children, one twelve and the other two years of age, were concealed from the savages in a neighboring thicket of grass and weeds. After the alarm, the mother then concealed her children, her last words to the older boy being to "save his little brother and never leave him."

The Indians disappearing with their captives and plunder, the brave lad, with his baby brother on his back, started for the nearest settlement, subsisting on wild fruits and roots, and reaching New Ulm in fourteen days. About half-way on this journey of sixty miles he overtook a neighbor named Ireland, who had laid down to die, having been struck by no less than eight bullets, and who insisted that it was hopeless to try to escape.

"But" was the heroic reply of the boy, "my mother's last words were, save my little brother, and I am going to do it." This devoted courage gave new life to Ireland, who struggled forward, and all reached New Ulm without accident.

ASHAMED OF HER FATHER.

Little Sallie was the daughter of an honest blacksmith, and was a very frank, warm-hearted child. A now house, built on a high hill near, by a fine gentleman from the city, and Sallie was quite delighted to see in his carriage drawn by two bay horses, a sweet little girl about her own age. Once when she was in the shop, they stopped to say something to Giles about shoeing the horses, and Sallie smiled at Lucy who in return threw her a great red apple. She caught it so nicely that they both laughed heartily, and became friends; for little children have none of the mean pride, which we sometimes see among older people, till they are taught it.

One day, when Sallie was dressed very neatly, she asked leave to take a walk, and bent her steps towards the mansion on the hill. She did not know how to go round by the road, so she climbed over fence and wall till she reached the grounds. There, to her delight, she saw Lucy on a little grey pony which the coachman was leading carefully by the bridle. She drove up to the wall and asked in a kind voice, "have you berries to sell little girl?"

"She laughed and said, 'No, I'm Sallie; don't you remember me? I came to play with you a little while. May that man open the iron gate for me? It is very heavy.'"

"I would like to play with you, and let you ride on my pony," replied pleasant little Lucy, "but I know mamma will not allow me to play with you."

"Why not?" asked Sallie in wonder.—"I never say naughty words, and I'm all dressed clean this afternoon."

"Oh," said Lucy, "it is because your father works with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and has a smutty face and hands."

"Oh the smutty washes off!" replied the innocent child. "He is always clean in the evening; and when he has his Sunday clothes on, he's the handsomest man in the world! Mother's pretty all the time!"

"Oh—but—mamma would not let you in I know, because your father shoes the horses," added Lucy.

"That is no harm, is it? Don't your father want his horses shod?" asked the wondering Sallie.

"Yes; but he won't let me play with his people's children," answered Lucy.

"We're not poor; we're very rich," replied Sallie. "Father owns the house and the shop; and we've got a cow and a calf, and twenty chickens, and the darlings of little baby boys in the world."

Never Put Off Till To-morrow.

"I would like to have you run down to Mrs. Bowen's for me, Katy, before sundown," said Mrs. Nelson to her little daughter, who sat busily stitching away in her little willow chair.

"Oh, mother, couldn't I go just as well before school-time to-morrow? I have this pair of pillow-cases almost done for my dolly, and Aunt Marthy is going to give me two nice pillows and a feather bed for her, as soon as I have the clothes all made neatly."

"But my dear, I wish you to take the money for the work she sent home to-day. She is a poor woman, and may need it."

"Still Katy looked reluctantly at the dainty sewing work before her, and laid down the tiny ruffled pillow-case with a sigh.

"Perhaps the poor woman is wondering how she shall buy food for her children for to-morrow," continued the mother "Think what a relief it will be to have the care off my mind!"

"That thought was enough for Katy's really benevolent little heart; and she quickly laid up her work in her pretty rosewood box, so it wouldn't be in any one's way, and prepared herself for her walk."

"Here is a basket, with some of Ann's tea biscuit, and a plate of butter," said Katy's mother; "you may take that to Mrs. Bowen, if it will not be too heavy."

"No indeed, mother," said Katy, her eyes sparkling with pleasure; "I shall love to do it. I don't think they have biscuit and butter very often. Lucy sometimes brings just dry bread to school for her dinner."

"Why, Katy, I did not think they were as poor as that. Here, you take this cup of jelly and some grapes to the little sick boy. I dare say they will be refreshing. I must call around and see them as soon as I can."

Katy returned from her kind errand that night a little weary, but very light-hearted.

"I am so glad I went to-night, mother," she said. "They were just getting down to supper, with only a little cake made of corn meal and a pitcher of water on the table. The woman cried when I gave her the basket, she seemed so glad. She gave the sick boy his biscuit and grapes first, and I wish you could have seen how happy his face looked."

"I am very glad, too, that you went to-night," said the mother, "and I hope you will learn this lesson from it—never to put off doing a kind act till to-morrow, when you can do it to-day. A good man was urged not to go out on a stormy evening, to pay a bill to a poor laborer, as to-morrow would certainly do as well, but he answered, 'Think what a blessing a good night's sleep is to a poor man. This may relieve some anxiety which would cause him a sleepless night.' The command to God's ancient people is one which we should all remember: 'The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until morning.' So you see, dear Katy, it was an act of justice, as well as kindness, to take the money to-night, instead of putting it off until another day."

SHUTTING DOORS.

"Don't look so cross, when I call you back to shut the door, grandpa feels the March wind. You have got to spend your life shutting doors, and might as well begin to learn now Edward."

"Do forgive me, grandpa. I ought to be ashamed. But what do you mean? I am going to college, and then I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Well, admitting all that, I imagine 'Squire Edward Carter' will have a good many doors to shut, if he ever makes much of a man."

"What kind of doors? Do tell me grandpa."

"Sit down a minute, and I'll give you a list. 'In the first place, the doors of your ears must be closed against the bad language and evil counsel of the boys and young men you will meet at school and college, or you will be undone. Let them once get possession of that door, and I would not give much for Edward Carter's future prospects."

"The doors of your eyes, too, must be shut against bad books, idle novels, and low wicked newspapers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up an ignorant, useless man. You will have to close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the store windows, or you will never learn to lay up money; or have any left to give away."

"The doors of your lips will need especial care; for they guard an unruly member; which makes great use of the bad company let in at the door of the eyes and ears. That door is very apt to blow open, and if not constantly watched, will let out angry, trifling, or vulgar words. It will backbite sometimes worse than a March wind, if it is left open too long. I would advise you to keep it shut much of the time till you have laid up a store of knowledge, or, at least, till you have something valuable to say."

"The inner door of your heart must be well shut against temptation; for conscience, the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard her call, and sometimes drops asleep at her post; and when you think you are doing very well, you are fast going down to ruin."

"If you carefully guard the outside doors of the eyes and ears and lips, you will keep out many cold blasts of sin—which get in before you think."

"This 'shutting doors,' you see, Eddie, will be a serious business—one on which your well-doing in this life and the next depends."

The Dogs of St. Bernard.

One of the most remarkable of these noble dogs was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of forty individuals. Besides his cask around his neck, he carried a warm garment on his back; and if he failed to arouse the traveler into some sense of life by his warm tongue and breath, he would race back to the house, and bring somebody to the rescue. One day Barry found a poor boy asleep and almost frozen to death in the celebrated glacier of Balore. Barry warmed the boy, licked him, woke him up, gave him something to drink, and carried him on his back to the monastery. The joy of the poor parents, who can describe? After a life of service, Barry was sent down the mountains to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in honorable quiet. At his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed, and there he may be seen in the Museum of Bern, standing as large as life, with his collar and badge round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love.

The dogs are short lived. Many die from disease of the lungs, and others are lost in the falling of avalanches and other accidents. Neither men or dogs can stand the severe climate and thin air of so great a height. Both are often obliged to go down into the valleys below, and recruit amid milder scenes. The leader of the pack now is named Plato, a brave big creature, doing deeds of usefulness and valor which might put to blush the life of many a one of human understanding, who never risked a thought, much less a deed, to help his fellow-men.

Looking at Strangers in Church.
Sitting in church one Sunday, a friend remarked to me as a stranger came in, on whom nearly all eyes were turned, "did you ever see how people look at strangers coming in church," saying yes, I whispered you "looked too." That's the way—we look and have our stare out, not expecting any one else to do the same, and yet they do—and the result is when a stranger finds himself or herself the object of such scrutiny, they are placed in an awkward and embarrassed position, unless they were of a strong nerve. Now persons should have respect for the feelings of others, and remember how they should feel were they in such a condition. One may say well, if it was I they may stare, but recollect that it is easier said than done. Now in such a case, if your curiosity is so great, and you must have a look, why do you so you will not be noticed; for, it is a very unbecoming situation to a person of sense, to be the object of vulgar and curious scrutiny.

Kiss My Wife or Fight Me.

There are few married men who are not averse to seeing their wives kissed, but an exchange relates the particulars of a case in which a newly wedded Benedict felt himself insulted because his wife wasn't kissed. The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful and blooming young girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twin were at a party, where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called out and kissed, except B., the beautiful young bride of aforesaid, and although there was not a younger present who was not dying to taste her lips, they were restrained by the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. They mistook the cause, however, for suddenly he expressed himself.

Rolling up his sleeves he stepped into the middle of the room, and in a tone that secured marked attention, said: "Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working for some time and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss, but—" "What's the matter, John?" inquired half a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have I done anything to hurt your feelings?" "Yes, you have; all you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it. Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times a piece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of 'em has not had a single one to night; and I just tell you now, if she don't get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slighter her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays!" If Mrs. B. was slighted during the balance of the evening, we did not know it. As for ourselves we know that John had no fault to find with us individually, for any neglect on our part.

Salt and its Offices.

Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Prof. Johnston, may be relied upon by those who put salt in their little now and then. He says: "The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of North-western America; the wild animals in the central part of South America are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself behind a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt, man would miserably perish; and, among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in former times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or unchemical modern could explain how sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt, why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upward of half the saline matter of the blood (75 per cent.) consists of common salt, and as this is partially discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor allow the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste."—Scientific Amer.

LONGEVITY.—One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was the tranquillity in which their lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age crowned with civil honors bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy years, and forty to an age of sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnett, of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his 45th year, and Lynch of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his 60th, died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England only one, Whipple of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on the issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful, honored and ripe old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they had aided in devising, and they were gathered in their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundations of the republic.

Prentice says he has heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow, but he knows of many thousand younger ones who have kissed very great calves.

Aim to be in all things acceptable to God, and you need trouble yourself but little about the opinions of men.

